THE SAILOR SENATOR

EARLY ADVENTURES OF HON. GEORGE C. PERKINS, GOLDEN GATE STATESMAN.

Relates First Successes—Pivotal Decisions Which Launched Him on the Floodtide of Fortune.

By George C. Perkins.

(United States Senator from California.)

NO ONE, and least of all a sailor man, can look back over his life and fail to realize the truth of Shakespeare's wise and famous words:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

In glancing back over the log of my own voyage of life I see in my mind's eye again many a threatening tempest and recall more than one treacherous current that seemed to bear me toward the rocks, and I remember fair gales and smiling seas that stretched like a royal road to my haven. Many a lucky and timely turn of the wheel shifted buffeting winds into hearty helpmates. Tides ebbed and flowed, bearing good and ill—seeming good that was in reality ill, and ill that long afterward I found was good. But the momentous step of my life, the flood tide that led to my modest share of good fortune, happened when I was not yet 17 years of age. The tide led me to California and left me on that happy shore, where so many years of my life have been spent, and where the ties were knitted that will not part while life lasts.

Experiences at Sea.

I had been to sea for a number of years before I took fortune's floodtide around Cape Horn. I had been in several ships, with good and bad masters and mates. Some few shipmates I had found who carried in their breasts hearts of gold; and it was one of these, bearing the auspicious name of Harry Fairbrother, who caused me to go to California.

We were shipmates in the new ship Lizzie Thompson, Capt. Oliver Smith. She sailed from my native village, Kennebunkport, for St. John's, N. B., to load lumber for Dublin. She was a new ship, finished in winter, and after sailing her seams warped, she "split the oakum" and sprung a leak. Some of the men mutinied. They declared the ship would never reach Dublin, and demanded that she be put about. The mate—a powerful, blustering fellow—knocked half a dozen of them into the scuppers, but so many of them mutinied that the skipper was forced to put back to St. John's. The obstreperous sailors were sent ashore. On board were three young fellows who were already heartily sick of the sea. They begged me to set them ashore. One night we slid down a rope to the dingy and went ashore, and I never saw them again—that is, not for 30 years or more, when one of them came into my office in the capitol at Sacramento, where I was serving as governor, and wanted to know if I was the Clem Perkins who had helped to put him ashore. I was.

Getting a new cargo, we sailed again, discharged at Dublin and went to Liverpool, where we took on a cargo of salt for New Orleans. All this time Fairbrother, who was much older than I, was telling me stories of California. He had been on the American river and had picked up gold, he said, in '49 and '50, and wanted to return. The ambition of my life was to own a schooner and go trading in the South seas.

"Why, lad," he said, "you come with me to California, and in six months we'll get enough gold in the mines to buy a schooner."

Gradually I made up my mind to go. Reaching New Orleans, we shipped on a little bark called the Cotton Planter for New York. I can remember as well as yesterday the old sailors' boarding house in Cherry street where I left my shipmate while I made a brief visit to my mother down in Maine. My mother and sisters would not listen to my going to California. It was the end of the world, and I was only 16. But I was bound to go. Tearing myself away, I returned to New York.

Sailed for California.

There occurred perhaps the trifling incident that determined the course of my life. I found Fairbrother, who had shipped in the clipper ship Galatea, Capt. Barbour, for San Francisco, and the ship was ready to sail. They had 32 men and seven boys—all the hands they wanted. Fairbrother said he was sorry I had been too late, went to the wharf and stepped aboard the Galatea. The mate glowered upon me.

"Do you want another boy?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "We don't want any more d—d boys. You get over the rail."

I hung about the wharf all day. I made up my mind to go on that ship if I had to stow away. Finally the master went aboard, and I stepped after him.

"Do you want another boy?" I asked. I did not realize that my life's whole destiny depended upon his answer, but I could not have been more in earnest if I had known.

The skipper—he was a Russian, and one of the finest sailors I ever knew—looked down at me.

"Can you stow a skysail?" he asked, abruptly. "Can you rig out a to'-gallant stu'ns'l boom?"

I assured him that I could, and added that I could make any kind of bend, splice or knot that any of his sailors could make.

He gave me a searching glance, and in the twinkling of an eye, unknown to him or me, my fate was sealed.

"We don't need any boys," he said, "but I'll take you as an ordinary seaman. Mr. Hall," he added to the mate, "ship this boy as an ordinary seaman."

"I told him this morning we didn't want him," said the mate.

"Well, ship him anyhow," replied the captain.

The mate sullenly obeyed. He and I were in for trouble, I could see that.

Tussle with the Mate.

In those days ships carried skysails, and boys were sent aloft to handle them. When we were off Rio a rolling sea and stiff gale were encountered, and I was sent up to stow a skysail. The mate, Hall, stood on deck and bawled orders to me that I could not hear, because of the shrieking of the wind through the rigging. The ship rolled fearfully, and I had all I could do to hang on, but I completed my task and scrambled down.

Hall came toward me with a belaying pin, cursing me for not obeying his orders, whatever they were. He struck at me, but the ship at that moment lurched. We clinched and rolled into the scuppers, which were full of water. Hall splashed about and regained his feet, but the ducking took some of the meanness out of him. He was not nearly as vicious as he turned upon me again. Yet I feared trouble and reached for my sheath knife.

"If you touch me I'll cut your heart out," I said boldly—more boldly than I meant.

The captain appeared at this instant and overheard my threat. He ordered me to go below. Three hours afterward I took my turn at the wheel. Though a boy, I was one of five who were intrusted with steering the ship, and the skipper in a bluff fashion had shown some liking for me. He came up and asked:

"What did you mean by threatening to cut Mr. Hall's heart out?"

"I meant what I said," I replied. "That man has badgered me ever since we left New York. He is determined to have trouble. Rather than stand it any longer I will cut his heart out if he touches me."

"No, you won't," said the skipper, quietly. "When there's any fighting going on in this ship I want to boss the job, do you hear? Now, you get along with Mr. Hall the best you can. I have told him to keep his hands off of you."

We had no special trouble after that—nothing but curses and black looks from Hall. I did my duty, and took to heart the lesson taught me by a former master, which was: "Stand fast, and steer northeast."

Off for Gold Fields.

We sailed from New York in May, 1855, and in the latter part of October arrived at the Golden Gate, after the usual share of storm and calm. Then another turning point came in my life. Should I stay with the ship or go to the mines?

Capt. Barbour wanted me to stay. "My boy, you've got the making of a good sailor in you," he said. "You stay with the ship. We're going to Calcutta, and I'll make you third mate by the time we get there. You'll be mate of this ship by the time you are 20."

"Captain," I replied, "I'll be owner of a schooner of my own before I am 20. I'm going to the mines."

"To the mines? Pshaw!" he replied. "What can a sailor do in the mines? You won't find any gold."

But I was determined to go to the gold fields, and took my chest of clothes from the ship. With the little money coming to me I bought a shotgun and a pepper-box pistol and a roll of blankets. With my shipmate I went down to the wharf and found work. We worked our way up the Sacramento river on a boat, and then, shouldering my blankets, I walked 150 miles over the mountains into Butte county.

There I found work with a wheelbarrow and in a store. I saved every cent I could make, still dreaming of that South sea schooner. By the hardest drudgery and economy I gathered up $800.

Launched Successward.

A man came into the store one day, discouraged with his hard luck. He owned a steamboat, but the river had thrown a sandbar across the channel, and he was out of business. He offered his steamer to anybody who wanted it for $3,000. It was an enormous figure, quite beyond me. But I made up my mind to get that steamer. I converted everything I had into cash, making a total with my savings of nearly $1,000. I found a friend who aided me with more, and the owner of the boat said he would wait for part. So within a week I stood on the deck of my own vessel. It was the proudest moment of my life when I stood at the wheel and gave orders. Never since then have I experienced quite so keenly the thrill of triumph. I managed to work a passageway through the sandbar, and began freighting up and down the river, and in a few trips I had made enough to pay for the vessel. From that time on my way was comparatively easy.

As I became older and involved in business my dream of South sea island trading became fainter and fainter, but to this day I cannot say that it has entirely faded. It would still be a pleasant, profitable life—would it not?—to have a fine little schooner, all your own, and go down to the South seas, trading with the brown-skinned natives for copra and nuts and fruit, threading through the emerald islands, flashing their white edges in a purple sea. That was my ideal life. But instead, I have been busy with steamers trading on more prosaic coasts, and in later years have been forced to sit in the capitol, dealing with weighty affairs, when sometimes my sailor-boy spirit has led me to wish I was off for the South seas in a spanking breeze, and all the world before me!

Capt. Barbour was port warden of Boston when I was governor, and sent greetings to me. I invited him to California, and told him I would make him port warden at the Golden Gate. But he never came.

AFRICA'S BUSY VOLCANOES

Facts of Interest Concerning Great Eruption Near Lake Kivu Last Spring.

A few facts have at last reached the outer world concerning the great volcanic eruption that began on May 13 last in the lake region of Central Africa, reports the New York Sun of late date.

The eruption was very severe for three days. The wide, lava covered plain in which the active volcanoes are found seemed to be covered with flame that poured forth from many fissures in the rock. What seemed to be a column of fire was maintained to a height of several hundred feet for several hours.

Near these volcanoes on the south is Lake Kivu, in one of whose northern bays occurred a terrific subaqueous eruption. The water for a mile around was turned yellow by the outpouring vapor heavily charged with sulphur. Many thousands of fish were killed and their bodies floated on the surface.

This region, north of Lakes Kivu and Tanganyika, is the greatest center of volcanic activity in Africa, and one of the largest in the world; and it was never heard of till ten years ago. The discovery of these volcanoes by Count von Goetzen did considerable damage to the theory that volcanoes are developed only in proximity to the sea.

These volcanoes are about 700 miles from the Indian ocean, almost in the heart of the continent. The other great center of present volcanic phenomena in Africa is also hundreds of miles inland, near Lake Rudolf.

Students of volcanoes now think it is better to say that they are found both on the margins of the sea and in the neighborhood of great depressions in the land surface caused by violent movements of the rocks, which have produced lines of weakness, through which volcanic energy is able to find vent.

There are eight volcanoes within sight of one another just a little north of Lake Kivu. They are in three groups. The two western groups are composed each of three extinct volcanoes, while the eastern group contains two towering mountains that are at times exceedingly active.

In addition to the lively ebullitions from these craters, the region is richer than most other volcanic districts in mineral and hot springs and other manifestations of vulcanism.

The two active cones are among the very largest in the old world and are almost unique in their great distance from the sea. The larger of the two Kirungu-cha-gungo, is a single huge cone, rising to a circular and unbroken rim, 11,350 feet in height.

This rim incloses a vast crater over a mile in diameter that has always been full of steam and smoke when visitors have peered over the edge, so that they have been unable to learn the nature of the crater floor or of its interior walls.

It is inferred that the crater is of enormous depth, for stones rolled over the edge of the chasm have merely bounded from rock to rock, their concussions becoming fainter and fainter, with nothing to indicate that they finally found a resting place.

Kirungu-ndogo, the other active cone, is at least 11,000 feet in height. It is likely at any time to be active; and recent lava streams around its summit have been giving out dazzling white jets of steam.

It is a wonderful region. Besides the great volcanoes, active or extinct, are large numbers of isolated lifeless craters still perfect in form; and those that are farthest from the smoke mountains are terraced to their tops and covered with fields of beans and other native crops.

Twenty years ago no one knew that there was a single active volcano in Africa. Since then a number of very lively volcanoes have been discovered in addition to a number of the largest mountains on the continent now lifeless, but which were built by mighty outpourings of lava.

Dry Goods Stores.

There are 30,000 drygoods stores in the United States.

CHILD'S DANCING DRESS.

This Pretty Model May Be Copied in Various Thin Stuffs and Reproduced Inexpensively.

The attractive dancing dress shown in the picture is of all-over swiss embroidery. The long French blouse is fulled into the short skirt, formed of

DAINTY AND ATTRACTIVE.

three embroidered ruffles. About the round low neck is a bertha of embroidery.

The short puffed sleeves end with a ruffle headed with ribbon run beading. A sash of ribbon holds the blouse in position and finishes at the side with a rosette.

FINE MORNING EXERCISE.

To Make One Lithe and to Lessen Unlovely Fleshiness, Observe the Following.

When you first get up in the morning, before you dress, try this exercise:

Stand erect, with weight on balls of feet. Raise the hands as high over the head as possible. Then, holding the knees stiff, bend forward and touch the floor with the ends of the fingers. Do this ten times, being careful not to bend the knees.

At first you may not be able to touch the floor, but no matter, keep it up anyhow, and after awhile you will be able not only to touch the floor, but to take the exercise 25 or 50 times without tiring. Don't try to do it more than ten times at first.

This is a fine exercise to limber up the waist and back muscles, and will often eradicate a morning backache. People who are very fleshy will find that this exercise faithfully persisted in will reduce a too prominent abdomen.

If this exercise is followed by a good vigorous rub with a coarse towel, going all over the body, you will find yourself in fine shape to start the day. Breathe deeply while taking the exercise and towel rub. Be sure that the room is well ventilated, plenty of fresh air coming in, but do not stand where the draft will strike you.

Take time to try this exercise a few mornings and see if you do not find yourself feeling better all day as a result of it.—Medical Talk.

HABIT OF CLEANLINESS.

Points in Grooming That It Is Absolutely Necessary to Observe If One Would Be Attractive.

Very few things age a woman, or ruin her complexion, more completely than personal uncleanliness. Attractiveness is not always a question of dress, though cleanliness of clothing is a very great factor in the matter. At times, one's work is such that, for the time, she cannot be as neat as she would like, but when the necessity is ended, would we not all feel better if we should "prink up" a little? At least, to the extent of washing our face, neck and hands and arms, combing and neatly dressing the hair, and putting some little, becoming touch to our neckwear, seeing that our teeth are clean, and our finger nails clear of "mourning streaks." A woman who is personally neat will not allow herself to sit down in a disorderly room, unless very tired, and then, not for long. If one allows the dirt and grime of one day to lap onto that of another, the effect will soon be seen in a ruined complexion. Neglected hair is always untidy hair, and few things are more disagreeable than to talk to a woman with a dirty, unbrushed mouth. Such women get unbearable, even to themselves, and, if not far gone, realize that they are not respected as are their clean sisters. If we allow ourselves to go about, unwashed, uncombed, untidy six days in the week, do you think we shall feel at ease in our "dress-ups" on the seventh? Don't you know the habitual neglect will "show through?"—The Commoner.

Indian Eyesight.

A red Indian can see at least one-tenth further than the average white man.

PERSISTENCE WORKS CURE

Careful Attention to Exercise and Bathing as Well as Diet Will Overcome Chronic Constipation.

Inactivity is the most frequent cause of chronic constipation. Some of the common results from constipation are a dull, heavy, persistent headache, an offensive breath, a tendency toward vertigo, mental depression and even melancholy, sleeplessness or bad dreams, a muddy or pimpled complexion and a brain less clear than usual.

Sometimes nervous spells of great irritability may be the direct result of constipation, and many patients will show symptoms of dyspepsia. All this is the natural result of the slow taking back into the system the waste material which should have been discarded promptly. These waste food products are unfit for absorption by the system and become more or less poisonous to us if returned.

The habit of constipation once formed may thus gradually undermine our health by a slow process of poisoning as fatal and sure in its results (though slower) as any known to the chemist, with this difference, that a permanent cure is possible, if we but have the patience, perseverance and will to help ourselves. But the life must be regular in all things if the habit is to be broken.

A glass of cold water on rising and retiring will be found helpful; plenty of deep breathing exercises are needed and vigorous gymnastics help wonderfully. These latter are especially good if taken regularly and vigorously and followed each morning by a quick cold sponge of chest, thorax and arms and at night by a warm sponge bath all over the body. Figs or bran biscuits eaten at night may prove very effective and the sufferer must forget self and above all things cease to worry about herself.

Take a brisk walk daily in the open air—wear her clothes loose, laugh often and heartily, drink plenty of water (but not during a meal) and keep cheerfully hopeful always.

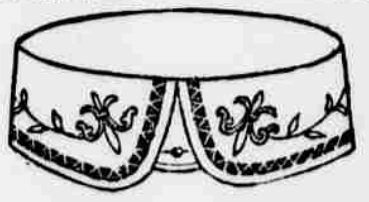
Do not be discouraged if the cure is slow, for it is sure if you will but have patience and hope (and work while you hope).

This is one of the ills of humanity that we physical trainers are often called on to treat, physicians frequently sending patients to us rather than fill them with drugs that at best give but temporary relief and leave the digestive tract in worse condition than before; but it is much easier to prevent this harm than to cure it—and if women would keep well and strong they should habituate themselves to regular living.

EMBROIDERED COLLARS.

Notwithstanding the Popularity of Transparent Stocks the Linen Collar Is Again in Favor.

Fluffy neckwear has a rival this season in the linen collar which has been resurrected from the obscurity to which it has been practically relegated for the past few years. It is not the plain, unadorned linen collar of other days, however, but a glorified edition, embellished with embroidery, mainly in floral patterns, although the bowknot finds admirers almost as numerous as those who fancy the fleur de lis and rose. Fagoting also adorns these collars, the



THESE ALSO ARE EMBROIDERED.

embroidery on which is carried out in self-color blue, or in delicate blue and other shades. For the plainer shirt waists the linen collar in its latest guise is declared the correct neckwear, and in all probability it will be much in demand, especially by those who prefer trim and severe collars to the fancy stocks that have been introduced in recent seasons.

A Cure for Red Hands.

Red hands are a frequent source of annoyance to young women and girls. Here are a few hints that will be most useful if carried out:

In your dress never allow any tight bands of any kind—tight corsets, tight collars, tight sleeves, or even cuffs, or any stricture which will impede the circulation. Exercise and a simple and healthful diet will aid you in regulating your circulation.

To Thicken Eyebrows.

Comb the eyebrows and clip the edges of them. Then use the salve accompanying until the growth is increased: Red vaseline, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, one-eighth ounce; oil of lavender, 15 drops; oil of rosemary, 15 drops. Mix thoroughly. Apply to the eyebrows with a tiny toothbrush once a day until the growth is sufficiently stimulated, then less often.